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Original Communications.

LOUISA VINNING.*

THIS little *artiste* of nature, better known by the appropriate *soubriquet* of the Infant Sappho, was born at Kingsbridge, in Devonshire, on the 10th of November, 1836, and consequently, is now in her fifth year. Her father, John Vinning, is a musician of no ordinary talent; when a child he evinced a precocious taste for music, and was, in consequence, brought up to that science. Although he does not rank with Strauss or Musard as a composer, nor has he reached the celebrity of a Jullien, yet we have heard some airs of his composition that were truly heart-stirring, and testified that Melody had found in him a being who was a devoted worshipper at her shrine. As a violinist, although his execution is not like that of an Ole Bull or a De Beriot, yet his *adagios* are played with great feeling, taste, and with considerable tone.

He has two brothers, not unknown to the musical world, who, like many artists of the present day, left the dull and monotonous life of the shop or counting-house, for the more cheerful and soul-inspiring profession of the musician; the one has taken to the instrument of "*Il diavolo*" Paganini, while the other has preferred the more sonorous sound of the organ.

But enough of kindred; let us now return to the object of our sketch—the LIFE of what poets term a heaven-born child.

Though we have but little better than four years upon which to hinge our memoir, the first few months of Louisa's life must be passed over; or, if the reader will have it, he may consider that they were somewhat like his own, save that his infantine mewlings were more grating to the ears of his listeners.

When this little warbler reached the age of nine months, it was observed that she derived intense delight from music; and if she at any time became fretful, the soft sound of her father's violin soothed her, while her whole frame moved in unison

with the measure, and her face beamed with delight.

Her father, on observing this early and extraordinary influence of music upon his child, indulged her occasionally by playing on his violin. At last, fearing that doing so might injure and prevent her from one day shining forth as a fair *musicienne*, he procured the opinion of several medical men, who advised him to give her gentle exercise in singing, and to guard against late hours.

Unlike you, gentle reader, or I—at least if it was so, it remains unrecorded—this daughter of the Muses began to sing before she could speak; and as months (not years) rolled on, her passion for music so increased that she seemed to require an atmosphere of gentle sounds to breathe in.

One morning, in the early part of the year 1839, Mrs. Vinning, on awakening, was astonished not to find her daughter by her side; she immediately arose and went in search of her. Judge of the mother's surprise when she found the little urchin asleep on the top of the staircase. To prevent an accident, the little somnambulist was put to bed on a sofa in the sitting-room, until the rest of the family retired to rest. Often in the evenings, while she was asleep, she amused her mother with her warblings. On one occasion, Mr. Vinning was called by his wife, and on obeying the summons, found her in tears, listening to the soft notes of her sleeping child. The father was struck with the beauty of the melody, which was perfectly new to him; and as the infant sang it several times, he embraced the opportunity of writing it. This melody was afterwards sold to Mr. Blockley, the composer, who wrote the poetry, and arranged a symphony and an accompaniment for it, which he appropriately styled, "*The Infant's Dream*." The morning after the child sang this melody, she said to her mother, "Oh, I have seen such beautiful angels in my sleep—all gold; beautiful gold!"

* From her father's statements.

When Louisa Vinning attained her second year, she was announced to sing in public as a musical prodigy, and well she sustained her part; for even those who had laughed to scorn the person that would be so far duped as to go to see a "minute wonder of the child world," were at last induced to visit her, and were loudest in sounding the praises of the young songstress.

Messrs. Moscheles, Thalberg, and Sir G. Smart, state that her singing is astonishingly correct, her voice pleasing; that she possesses strong feeling for music, with an extraordinary correct ear, both for time and tune; that her singing is perfectly natural, and that she is gifted with a voice of unusual compass, and with surprising sensitiveness of organization.

After having sung at several musical parties in London, the fame of this little prodigy reached the ears of the Queen, and an order was sent to the father to repair to Buckingham Palace, where her Majesty, after hearing the Sappho, expressed her surprise and delight, took the child in her arms, embraced her, and placed a magnificent diamond pin in her bosom.

The little prodigy, when singing, does not pronounce the words, but only the musical sounds of the melodies. However, one thing is remarkable, that when she sings an Italian air, so perfect is her imitation of the words, that those listeners who are ignorant of that language often express their surprise that one so young, and being English, can pronounce Italian so well. She is capable of humming an air, after hearing it three or four times. Her style of singing Italian music resembles that of a Gristi or Persiani, save that in her allegro passages there is a redundancy of movement. One thing, however, is very pleasing in the action of the Sappho; when she wishes to accelerate the time, or to mark some particular part with peculiar emphasis, she stamps energetically her little foot, while she seems lost to all around—her whole soul being wrapped up in her warblings.

The following verses, composed by C. Campbell, embody so much of our own spirit, that we have taken the liberty to insert them in our pages:—

"TO LOUISA VINNING.

"Is it a Bird of the morning air,
Warbling up in the blue sky, there,
Songs that ascend to the gates of heaven—
Hymns of joy to the Great One given?
Open thine eyes, for no blue sky is o'er thee!
No lark, but a blessed Child is before thee!

"Is it a Flower, the sweetest that grows,
Some magical lily or fay-bearing rose,
That sends forth its scent in a gush of sound
Till all the green woods echo around?
Nay, open thine eyes, fond dreamer, and see—
'Tis a blessed Babe that sings to thee!

"Infant! whose voice thy Maker hath filled
With tones and cadences mind-instilled—
Sweetest Child, whose feelings now
Flash in thine eyes, and flush o'er thy brow—
Live—in the future His praise to sing
Who hath made thee so bright and blessed a
thing!"

This little prodigy can pass from C (which is the natural key) to A (which requires three sharps to restore the semitones to their true localities in the gamut) with so much precision as to astonish the most skilled in music, and can modulate from a major to a minor key, in which the localities of the semitones differ.

The little Sappho acquired great popularity at the Polytechnic Institution, where she sang for some time—the admiration of parents, the wonder of musicians. At present, Mr. Edwards, the enterprising proprietor of the Adelaide Gallery, has engaged her to sing three times a week; and we are happy to state, both for his sake and the child's fame, that this old favourite institution is now exceedingly well attended.

In concluding our short sketch of the Infant Sappho, we must state that it is our opinion, and that of many more skilled in music than ourselves, that Louisa Vinning, now a wonder of the "minute world," will, when time and judicious instruction have developed her talent, be, like the morning star, the attraction of a nation awakening to a sense of the sweet influence of soft sounds, and to the good effects of music upon the human heart.

THE ROSE.

THE ROSE! Old England's beauteous Rose!
Not strange in name and hue, like those
Which modern art and science raise,
But of the good old-fashion'd days,
And lingering still may such be seen
In ancient garden bowers, I ween;
Where erst paced forth proud stately dames
Tended by squires of knightly names.
No slumberers they with leaden eye
Till the bright sun had mounted high;
They loved to brush away the dews
On long turf-walks fenced in by yews,
And box trimm'd up grotesque, and dress'd
By gardener's art in form of crest,
Or huge supporters, quaintly clipp'd,
By tanks where silver cygnets dipp'd.
There terraced steps with balustrades
Were early trod by high-born maidens
Where peacocks spread their gorgeous trains
And pages held the broider'd reins,
And riders mounted, young and fair,
Forth prancing blithe in morning air.
Those merry days are past and o'er,
The terraced steps are sought no more;—
The yews are shaggy, wild, and wide,
Gone is the ancient gardener's pride;—
The court is green, the hall is lone,
None tread its floors but yon dull crone,
Wrinkled with age, and sour'd by pain,
Who hobbles out a mite to gain,
And point where earls were wont to dwell—
And chaplains pace the holy cell—
And still with unimpassion'd eye
She lingers as she totters by,

And mumbles o'er the tale of eld,
 (As children's primer conn'd and spell'd
 And learnt by rote,) unheeding she,
 The griefs she tells unfeelingly;
 As task she neither seeks nor shuns,
 She mutters on of loving ones,
 The young brave lord, the lady fair,
 Who loved in vain, and parted there,
 Where, sooth to say, 'tis said, still grows
 The self-same bush, the old June rose,
 Could tell of unforgotten woes,
 And of a lady, old and proud,
 Who wanders by in folded shroud,
 And wrings her shadowy hands, as one
 That weeps for deeds that she has done,
 And calls upon the name, in vain,
 Of her she ne'er shall see again;
 And bends, as if that rose's breath
 Of balm could cheer the heart of death!

Who that has Shakespeare read, but knows
 The ruddy red, the pale white rose?
 Who that has trod the hallow'd ground
 Where templars walk, but looks around,
 And pictures to himself the scene
 Where York and Lancaster have been?
 Oh! strange that this, the loveliest flower,
 Should be the badge of party power!
 Strange that its bloom, or red or white,
 Should crest the helm for mortal fight!
 When fathers, brothers, kinsmen, met
 As deadly foes, in battle set,
 And civil war's resistless flood
 Drench'd English ground with English blood,
 And many a day was past and done,
 Ere Henry twined those flowers in one.
 Then architects monastic plann'd
 Where Gothic arches wide expand
 Through the cathedral's cloister'd close,
 The badge of peace—the double rose.
 The verger on the stranger draws
 To list of those unallow'd wars,
 And points the emblem car'd in stone
 In chantries dim and chancels lone;
 On ceilings grim'd and fretted rich,
 Or canopy o'er tomb and niche,
 Or shafted window tall and brim,
 'Mid tintured saints and martyrs grim,
 Nor less, collegiate cells and halls,
 That badge can boast throughout their walls;
 While many a low and lonely farm,
 Deep in the country, still and calm,
 On keystone, label, pendant, boss,
 Shaded by ivy, green with moss,
 On massive knocker on the door,
 Or old flag pavement on the floor,
 Bears yet, its purport all unknown,
 That mystic rose of sculptured stone.

Turn we from these high themes, and dear
 To humble bosoms, view it here,
 Where, 'mid old-fashioned flowers, the rose
 In all its pristine beauty blows,
 'Mid cushion grass and double stocks,
 Sweet lady peas, and hollyhocks,
 Wall-flowers, that own the "warriors'" name,
 Nasturtiums too, with bue of flame;
 Auriculas, sweetwilliams, rue,
 And columbines, and feverfew,
 Buttons for crabbed bachelors,
 And thorns that blush with scarlet haws,
 Clove pinks, and purple-died monkshood,
 And marigolds, and southern-wood.
 Where the moss-rose, of fragrance rare,
 And maiden blush, all fresh and fair;
 And velvet leaved of crimson dye,
 Within old pales are clustering nigh;
 'Mid beds of mint, and sage, and balm,
 And herbs, that all disease may charm,
 Ranged o'er by troops of humming bees
 That skirt the mossy apple trees,
 From out the rustic straw-built dome,
 That stands beside the cottage home.
 On holiday, or Sabbath morn,
 How bright the knot of roses worn

By cottage maiden, skill'd to choose
 The red and white, while gemm'd with dew.
 Nor for herself alone are sought
 The fairest flowers, a kindly thought
 Is given to neighbours, sick or old,
 And a soft sigh to love untold;
 The while she plucks the mossy stem—
 The bud for *Aim*, the flowers for *them*.
 Yet superstition lingers still,
 Backward across the wooden sill,
 The maiden steals on fated night
 To snatch the rose for mystic rite.
 Deep learn'd in grey-hair'd gossip's saws,
 Her heaving breath she scantily draws,
 Looking with guilty glance around,
 And shrinking e'en from fancied sound;
 And oh! how fondest hopes decay,
 If that frail blossom plies away!
 There, hard beside that cottage door,
 The arch with beauty mantling o'er,
 A rose-tree clings, which you aged pair
 Have led to climb and cluster there;
 Right proud to view it blooming on,
 When all but that are dead and gone.
 The hind had housed his latest sheaves;
 Autumn had strew'd her lingering leaves,
 Yet storms that swell'd the mountain brook,
 Eas'd harmless o'er that cottage nook,
 Where the old dame, with fearful eyes,
 Reach'd down the rose's lingering prize
 Of buds and blooms, so pale, so fair,
 As though the sculptor's chisel there
 Had wrought, with emulative strife,
 The marble, blushing into life!
 Then with a pious sympathy
 She bore them from the cottage tree,
 To droop beside the early bier,
 Wet with that simple mourner's tear
 For young Lord William, snatch'd away
 In boyhood's prime, as fair as they.
 For this she cross'd the frozen sod,
 And tottering up the park she trod,
 With feeble step and shaking hand,
 Nor thought of titles, old and grand,
 Full sure, whate'er the rank or name,
 A mother's heart must be the same.

Stranger! pause here—and turn awhile
 From cloister'd close,—from lonely aisle,—
 From clay-built cot,—from stately hall,—
 From battle-field,—ay, turn from all,—
 And muse how far, from shore to shore,
 Is stretch'd the rose that England bore,
 Time out of mind, fraternal bound
 With the bold badge of Scotia's ground,
 The armed thistle's crown and spear,
 And the green sprig to Erin dear.
 Bethink thee, too, how bless'd the isles
 Where freedom's sun for ever smiles;
 Strengthening in root and branch the flower
 That else must wither in an hour.
 And think how bless'd the freedom wrought
 By those of Holy Scripture taught
 The hand to ope, the arm to stretch,
 To loose the slave, to cheer the wretch—
 Who, while they clear the poisonous weed
 Of error rank, cast in the seed,
 That lands where desolation grows
 At length "may blossom like the rose."

REINIS.

There is now living in Spitalfields an undertaker, whose Christian name is Mark Antony. A wag, observing a funeral attended by this personage, and forgetting the solemnity of the passing scene, applied to his friend the words of Brutus over the dead body of Caesar:—"Here comes the body, mourned by Mark Antony, who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying."

RECOLLECTIONS OF GEORGE DYER,* B.A.

(Continued from page 283.)

NOTICE OF CHARLES LAMB, (ELIA.)

THE late Charles Lamb, the truly delightful author of the "Essays of Elia," was one of Mr. Dyer's oldest, and on many accounts, with justice it may be said, one of his most highly favoured and duly appreciated friends. Their acquaintance commenced about a year after that the former had, in conjunction with his favourite "brother poet" and schoolfellow, S. T. Coleridge, and a young intimate, named Charles Lloyd, published a small, unpretending volume, containing specimens of their then junior powers of literary composition in a metrical form. Charles Lamb told Mr. Dyer, that none of the parties was more than twenty-one years of age when the said volume was composed. Coleridge had been introduced by Lamb to Mr. Dyer about the beginning of 1795, and the first intimacy which arose from this fragile, small beginning, soon ripened into a noble, fast-binding friendship, which never became lessened in its disinterested attachment until it was finally dissolved by the mandate of cruel, inexorable death. The readers of "THE MIRROR" will see, in some of the sentences which I have marked with italics, in the first of Mr. Lamb's two letters, a few of those bright radiations of growing intellect which, thirteen years afterwards, shone so conspicuously in the master pages of Elia; and he will not fail to recognise *this youthful Achilles* therein preparing to try the powers of that polished and elastic bow which subsequently shot forth those sparkling arrows of wit which were the delight and admiration of all who knew how to appreciate the subtle powers of so great a marksman.

But weapons of wit are dangerous ones to use: a carelessly directed dart may sometimes injure a friend when it was meant to strike against a foe; or some exhibition, which was meant only as a piece of drollery, and for fun, may wound the feelings of the kindest and the best of human beings. This turned out to be the case with Charles Lamb:—in one of his satiric sportings, in the character of Elia, in the pages of "The London Magazine," he had injudiciously selected Mr. Dyer as a personage upon whom he could pass off a few of his ill-directed, injudicious witticisms and jokes, but in so doing he acted, for the first time,

both carelessly and censurably, and for that once only in his life created pain in the bosom of his friend; but Lamb's apology was instantaneous and complete, as soon as he became convinced he had been guilty of so striking an indiscretion. The letter of Mr. Dyer, addressed to a friend, complaining of Elia's misrepresentations and distortions of truth, I have appended; in every sentence it shews the benignity of the mind of the individual which could throw such a light mantle of resentment over a transaction, in which the nearest and dearest feelings of his nature were violated: the letter is long, but interesting to a very supreme degree. With these three letters I shall close the present communication.

[From Charles Lamb.]

"From my desk in Leadenhall-street,
Dec. 8, 1808.

"DEAR DYER,—Coleridge is not so bad as your fears have represented him; it is true that he is Bury'd, although he is not dead: to understand this quibble, you must know that he is at Bury St. Edmund's, relaxing, after the fatigues of lecturing and Londonizing. The little Rickmaness, whom you inquire after so kindly, thrives and grows apace; she is already a prattler, and 'tis thought that on some future day she may be a speaker! We hold our weekly meetings still at No. 16, where, although we are not so high as the top of Malvern, we are involved in almost as much mist. Miss B.'s merit, "in every point of view," I am not disposed to question, although *I have not been indulged with any view of that lady, back, side, or front—fie!* Dyer, to praise a female in such common market phrases,—you, who are held so courtly and so attentive. My book is not yet out, that is, not my 'Extracts'; my 'Ulysses' is, and waits your acceptance. When you shall come to town, I hope to present you both together, never thinking of buying the 'Extracts'—half-a-guinea books were never calculated for my friends. More poets have started up since your departure; William Hazlitt, your friend and mine, is putting to press a collection of verses, chiefly amatory, some of them pretty enough. How these painters encroach on our province! There's Hopper, Shee, Westall, and I don't know who besides, and Tresham. *It seems, on confession, that they are not at the top of their own art, when they seek to eke out their fame with the assistance of another's; no large tea-dealer sells cheeses, no great silversmith deals in razor-straps: it is only your petty dealers who mix commodities. If Nero had been a great emperor he would never have played the violoncello! Who ever caught you, Dyer, designing a landscape, or taking a likeness? I have no more to add, who am the friend of virtue,*

* On looking more carefully over my memorandum, I find that Mr. Dyer's lives of Dr. Farmer and Mason the poet, appeared in a publication entitled "The Necrology."

poetry, and painting, therefore, in an especial manner, Unalterably thine, "

"To G. Dyer, Esq.,
Jas. Martin's, M.P.,
Owerbury, Worcestershire."

"C. LAMB.

"Enfield, 29 April. (No year.)

"DEAR DYER,—As well as a bad pen can do it, I must thank you for your friendly attention to the wishes of our young friend Emma, who was packing up for Bury when your sonnet arrived, and was too hurried to express her sense of its merits. I know she will treasure up that and your second communication among her choicest rarities, as from her *grandfather's* friend, *whom* not having seen, she loves to hear talked of; the second letter shall be sent after her, with our first parcel to Suffolk, where she is, to us, alas! dead and Bury'd: we sorely miss her. Should you at any hour think of four or six lines, to send her, addressed to herself simply, naming her grandsire, and to wish she may pass through life as much respected, with your own 'G. DYER' at the end, she would feel rich indeed, for the nature of an album asks for verses that have not been in print before; but this quite at your convenience; and to be less trouble to yourself, four lines would be sufficient. Enfield is come out in summer beauty. Come when you will, and we will give you a bed; Emma has left hers, you know. I remain, my dear Dyer,

"Your affectionate friend,

"CHARLES LAMB."

[Copy of a Letter from George Dyer to Mr. Wm. King, on the appearance of Elia's Paper, entitled "Oxford in the Vacation," in No. 10 of "The London Magazine," for Oct. 1820.]

"DEAR SIR,—I return you the tenth Number of 'The London Magazine,' which, but for your kindness, might not, perhaps, have fallen in my way. What Elia says relating to G. D., of Clifford's Inn, is very funny, and betrays no unkind intentions, and G. D. himself would have laughed at the humour, and must have blushed at the compliments, had he not been suddenly surprised at some remarks which made him both serious and sad.

"Elia, speaking of G. D.'s leaving the 'House of pure Emmanuel,' alluding, evidently, to a verse of a well-known old English ballad, beginning—

'In the House of pure Emmanuel,
I had my education,'

says, 'he commenced life as usher to a knavish fanatic schoolmaster at ———, at a salary of five pounds a year, and that of this poor stipend he never received above half, in all the laborious years he served this man.'—He tells a pleasant anecdote 'when poverty &c. compelled him to hint at arrears.' Dr. ——— took a certain course towards G. D., 'which was a

receipt in full for that quarter's demand at least.' In answer to this, the gentlemen with whom G. D. was connected at schools are now deceased, but as there are others still living, who know under what circumstances these connexions were formed, they must consider the statement as illiberal and unjust. G. D. sends you the following counter-statement, every word of which you may be assured is strictly true.

G. D. commenced life as usher to Dr. Grimwood, who kept a respectable academy at Dedham, in the county of Essex, where many of the principal gentry of the county were, and are still educated, and many of the scholars of that academy have received the first honours at the universities. Dr. G. had been fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, and the upper usher was, at the time, fellow of Sydney College, Cambridge; this latter place being pre-occupied, that of under usher fell, of course, to the lot of G. D., but had he continued, it is probable he would have succeeded to the upper usher's place; be that, however, as it may, his salary was so far from being what Elia describes it, that out of it he was enabled to give 20*l.* per annum to a most worthy person (his father), declining in years, who had every claim on his duty and affection. So far from Dr. Grimwood being in arrears during Dyer's stay with him, (which was only a twelvemonth,) he thinks that he received his full salary before it was due. It was a point of honour that led to his determination to leave; and when he did leave, (after a proposal from Dr. Grimwood to increase his salary if he would continue,) it was with much concern and affection on both sides; and the above gentleman made G. D. a present of five guineas over and above his salary. It was at this school that G. D. (to borrow Elia's expression) 'commenced life'; afterwards he became the inmate of the Rev. Dr. Ryland, who kept an academy at Northampton, on much lower terms, and consequently his ushers' salaries could not be very high; but D. was not properly in the full character of an usher here. All the said places were occupied; he was here a sort of supernumerary; it suited his convenience at the time to be there, and on the part of the Rev. Mr. R. it was an accommodation to the peculiar circumstances of G. D., who, if he did not in all things agree with this gentleman, found the situation very favourable to his own *prevailing pursuits*. It is true, he continued here much longer than it was at first intended by him, or than was expected by his part employer; but G. D. is not aware that he made any regular agreements on the score of salary, and indeed, for the *reasons* just alluded to, none such could have been made. It is true that D. might have looked for some remuneration, but the Rev. Mr. Ry-

land knew on what circumstances, and for what purposes, he came to him from the first; he knew that it had answered those purposes; he knew that he had studied that it should do so; he knew that he had pointed out to him resources, and if G. D. had not availed himself of those resources so much as this good gentleman thought he did, that was certainly his own fault. Further, Mr. Ryland knew that G. D. had very kind and liberal friends. G. D. considers himself to this day as under great obligations to this gentleman, and whatever he may at any time have received from him was to be considered more as a gratuity than a salary. To speak the truth, D. was in this latter situation rather in the character of a student than an usher.

"The Rev. Mr. Ryland's terms for tuition were not only low, but his hand was apt to be liberal beyond his means; his peculiar situation as a very popular preacher in a particular line, rendered his academy a sort of open house "to all the vagrant train." As to his ushers, they were commonly persons who had come to him under some peculiar difficulties, on whose gratitude he had even a claim; and if his own circumstances, for the reasons mentioned, did not allow him to give large salaries, it was understood they had enjoyed advantages under him, which were a full compensation for their services, so that some such prayer as 'Elia,' in his humorous way, alludes to, *if even such had come from him, might have had in it something more just and good than Elia is aware of.*

"The Rev. Dr. Ryland was a gentleman of very extensive reading, eccentric, certainly, if ever man was, both as a reader, an author, and a man; but his understanding possessed some strong features of character; his imagination would sometimes take no common flights; and some of his publications bear evidently these marks of his eccentricities; and with the singular boldness of his remarks, every one who was acquainted with him was well aware; and it is not improbable that even G. D. may, in some unguarded moment, have made a slight allusion to them; and this, perhaps, Elia may have worked up in his farcical, poetical narrative. But you perceive, Sir, in reference to Dr. Grimwood, where he says D. 'commenced life,' not a word can be true. As to Dr. Ryland, D. recollects a circumstance which he will here mention:—A certain spark was once making himself merry with some of his peculiar sayings, when he was interrupted by the Rev. Robert Robinson, (whose life I have published,) and who was himself a truly great man; 'Sir, let me tell you, if you take away eleven parts out of twelve from Dr. Ryland, there will still be left a greater man than yourself.' This, however, is not here mentioned

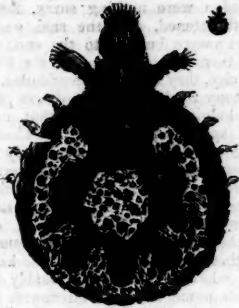
as being applicable to Elia; by no means. Elia is unquestionably a great wit, and may be a great man; but he is certainly a very different man from the spark alluded to. There are some other remarks in the witty Elia's communication to the 'London Magazine,' relative to G. D., (without malice *prepense* on his part,) calculated to do mischief. Elia describes 'G. D.' as under-working for himself, 'drugging at low rates.' Is this said out of mere fun, or to excite pity towards poor 'D.'? If the latter, he should know that pity is often a poor consoler, and very frequently a bad friend. As he comically describes himself 'a votary of the desk, a notched, and cropt scrivener,' or, as he most probably is, a brother of the quill, in another sense, even what is called an author, he should know that under-workers are not considered by brother workmen as dealing fairly by the craft, and are too likely to be frustrated in their undertakings.

"Excuse the length and tediousness of this letter, and believe me, dear Sir, yours, most sincerely, "G. DYER."

Mr. Sergeant Talfourd, in his "Life and Letters of Charles Lamb," very handsomely made the *amende honorable* for the gifted writer's misrepresentations; but this letter of Mr. D. is highly important, and goes into a complete investigation of the same, at a time when he was ignorant that C. L., under the fictitious signature of Elia, was the author.

ACARUS PICTUS.

THE singular animal represented on the opposite page is placed by naturalists in the class Arachnidee, and is characterized by its not undergoing metamorphosis, as in insects in general. It has eight legs, four on each side; and not possessing antennae, these latter are united in their function with the mouth. The majority of the Arachnidee feed upon insects, which they seize alive, or upon which they fix themselves, and suck their juice; some, however, are found in flour, cheese, and upon various vegetables, while others live upon the bodies of various animals; some of this species increase in a very great degree. To this latter division belongs this parasite. This division of the class Arachnidee, forming the genus *Acarus* of Linnæus, (from *ακαρος*, diminutive, most of them being of very minute size,) is universally distributed; some are wanderers, and amongst these some are found under stones, leaves, the barks of trees, in the ground, the water, or upon provisions, such as flour, dried meat, old dry cheese, (mites,) and upon putrid animal matter. Others subsist as parasites upon the skin, and in the flesh of different animals, often



greatly weakening them by their excessive multiplication. The origin of certain diseases, especially the itch, is attributed to them. This parasite, nearly allied in structure to the Ticks so commonly found in our domestic cattle, was taken with many others from a large boa constrictor, and was adhering to the only part of the scaly body of this degraded but powerful and dangerous animal from which it could draw its nourishment with ease, and without danger of being rubbed off or crushed by the movement of the snake. The form of its body is rounded, without any distinction between the thorax and abdomen, which are united, and its upper or dorsal surface presents a black transparent ground, covered with circular black rings around the margin, and in the centre it presents a transparent surface of pale emerald green, having also black rings dispersed over its surface, of various sizes, which give it a beautiful appearance. The head is seen projecting from the anterior part of its body in the form of a protruded sucker, with the antennae projecting from each side of it. Two minute simple eyes may also be seen on the head. Four legs may also be seen projecting on each side of its body from the under surface. This curious and beautiful parasite I have named *Acarus Pictus*, from the splendid colours it presents. There can be no doubt that these parasites are not uncommon in boa constrictors; but from the absence of them in this country, and in those where the sciences are most studied, it has not been before described. So far as anatomical researches have yet discovered, every animal, from man downwards, has its peculiar parasites living and drawing its nourishment from its body, having their parts variously organized for this purpose, sometimes in the shape of irritating hooks, sometimes that of lancets, and at other times in form of

suckers, as in the present instance. If the animal die, the parasites die also; and if the latter be transposed to the body of another animal, they also die; were it not so, every animal, and even man, would soon be destroyed by them; thus presenting another instance of that all-wise and foreseeing Power who has made all things, and given to all their respective lots.

Miscellaneous.

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

ITS ANTIQUITY AND FOUNDATION; ITS MAGNITUDE AND EXTENT; ITS KEEP, PALACE, GARDENS, FORTIFICATIONS, DUNGEONS, AND CHAPELS; ITS WALLS, BULWARKS, MOAT, ETC. ETC.

THE Tower of London was founded by William the Conqueror, who appointed Gundulph, Bishop of Rochester, principal overseer of the work. By this prelate, who seems to have been a good specimen of the church militant, and who, during the progress of his operations, was lodged in the house of Edmere, a burgess of London, a part of the city wall, adjoining the northern banks of the Thames, which had been much injured by the incursions of the tide, was taken down, and a "great square tower," since called the White Tower, erected on its site.

Some writers have assigned an earlier date to this edifice, ascribing its origin to the great Roman invader of our shores, whence it has been sometimes denominated *Cæsar's Tower*; and the hypothesis is supposed to be confirmed by Fitz Stephens, a monkish historian of the period of Henry the Second, who states, that "the city of London hath in the east a very great and most strong Palatine Tower, whose turrets and walls do rise from a deep foundation, the mortar thereof being tempered with the blood of beasts." On this authority, Dr.

Stukely has introduced a fort, which he terms the *Ars Palatina*, in his plan of Londinium Augusta. But, though it is not improbable that some Roman military station may have stood on the spot now occupied by the White Tower,—certain coins and other antiquities having been found by the workmen in sinking the foundations of the Ordnance Office in 1777,—it is certain that no part of the present structure was erected by Julius Cæsar; nor can he, with propriety, be termed the founder of the Tower of London. As to its designation, that amounts to little, since, as has been shrewdly remarked by M. Dulaure, in his description of the Grand Châtelet at Paris,—"every old building, the origin of which is buried in obscurity, is attributed to Cæsar or the devil."

Fourteen years afterwards, in the reign of William Rufus, who, according to Henry of Huntingdon, "piled and shaved the people with tribute, especially about the Tower of London," the White Tower was greatly damaged by a violent storm, which, among other ravages, carried off the roof of Bow Church, and levelled above six hundred habitations with the ground. It was subsequently repaired, and an additional tower built on the south side near the river.

Strengthened by Geoffrey de Magnaville, Earl of Essex, and fourth constable of the fortress, who defended it against the usurper Stephen, but was, nevertheless, eventually compelled to surrender it; repaired in 1155, by Thomas à Becket, then Chancellor to Henry the Second; greatly extended and enlarged in 1190, the second year of the reign of Richard Cœur de Lion, by William Longchamp, Bishop of Ely and Chancellor of the realm, who, encroaching to some distance upon Tower Hill, and breaking down the city wall as far as the first gate, called the postern, surrounded it with high embattled walls of stone, and a broad deep ditch, thinking, as Stowe observes, "to have environed it with the river Thames;"—the Tower of London was finished by Henry the Third, who, in spite of the remonstrances of the citizens, and other supernatural warnings, if credit is to be attached to the statement of Matthew of Paris, completely fortified it.

A gate and bulwark having been erected on the west of the Tower, we are told by the old chronicler above mentioned, "that they were shaken as it had been with an earthquake, and fell down, which the king again commanded to be built in better sort, which was done. And yet, again, in the year 1241, the said wall and bulwarks that were newly builded, whereon the king had bestowed more than twelve thousand marks, were irrecoverably quite thrown down as

before; for the which chance the citizens of London were nothing sorry, for they were threatened, that the said wall and bulwarks were builded, to the end, that if any of them would contend for the liberties of the city, they might be imprisoned. And that many might be laid in divers prisons, many lodgings were made, that no one should speak with another." These remarkable accidents (if accidents they were) were attributed by the popular superstition of the times, to the miraculous interference of Thomas à Becket, the guardian saint of the Londoners.

By the same monarch the storehouse was strengthened and repaired, and the keep or citadel whitened, (whence probably it derived its name, as it was afterwards styled in Edward the Third's reign "*La Blanche Tour*,") as appears by the following order still preserved in the Tower Rolls:—"We command you to repair the garner within the said tower, and well amend it throughout wherever needed. And also concerning all the leaden gutters of the Great Tower, from the top of the said tower, through which the rain water must fall down, to lengthen them, and make them come down even to the ground; so that the wall of the said tower, lately whitened anew, may by no means decay, nor easily break out, by reason of the rain water dropping down. But to make upon the said towers *ahurs* of good and strong timber, and throughout to be well leaded; by which people might see even to the foot of the said tower, and better to go up and down, if need be."

The same monarch planted a grove, or orchard of "*perie trees*," as they are described in his mandate to Edward of Westminster, in the vicinity of the Tower, and surrounded it with a wall of mud, afterwards replaced by another of brick, in the reign of Edward the Fourth. He likewise established a menagerie within the fortress, allotting a part of the bulwark at the western entrance, since called the Lions' Tower, for the reception of certain wild beasts, and as a lodging for their keeper. In 1235, the Emperor Frederick sent him three leopards, in allusion to his scutcheon, on which three of those animals were emblazoned; and from that time, down to a very recent date, a menagerie has been constantly maintained within the Tower. To support it, Edward the Second commanded the Sheriffs of London to pay the keeper of his lions sixpence a-day for their food, and three-halfpence a-day for the man's own diet, out of the fee farm of the city.

Constant alterations and reparations were made to the ramparts and towers during subsequent reigns. Edward the Fourth encroached still further on Tower Hill than his predecessors, and erected an outer gate

called the Bulwark Tower. In the fifth year of the reign of this monarch, a scaffold and gallows having been erected on Tower Hill, the citizens, ever jealous of their privileges and liberties, complained of the step; and to appease them, a proclamation was made, to the effect "that the erection and setting up of the said gallows be not a precedent or example thereby hereafter to be taken, in hurt, prejudice, or derogation of the franchises, liberties, and privileges of the city."

Richard the Third repaired the Tower, and Stowe records a commission to Thomas Daniel, directing him to seize for use within this realm, as many masons, bricklayers, and other workmen, as should be thought necessary for the expedition of the king's works within the Tower. In the twenty-third of Henry the Eighth, the whole of the fortress appears to have undergone repair—a survey being taken of its different buildings, which is still preserved in the Chapter-house at Westminster. In the second of Edward the Sixth, the following strange accident occurred, by which one of the fortifications was destroyed. A Frenchman, lodged in the Middle Tower, accidentally set fire to a barrel of gunpowder, which blew up the structure, fortunately without damage to any other than the luckless causer of it.

At the period of this chronicle, as at the present time, the Tower of London comprehended within its walls a superficies of rather more than twelve acres, and without the moat a circumference of three thousand feet and upwards. Consisting of a citadel or keep, surrounded by an inner and outer ward, it was approached on the west by an entrance called the Bulwark Gate, which has long since disappeared. The second entrance was formed by an embattled tower, called the Lions' Gate, conducting to a strong tower flanked with bastions, and defended by a double portcullis, denominated the Middle Tower. The outworks adjoining these towers, in which was kept the menagerie, were surrounded by a smaller moat, communicating with the main ditch. A large drawbridge then led to another portal, in all respects resembling that last described, forming the principal entrance to the outer ward, and called the By-ward or Gate Tower. The outer ward was defended by a strong line of fortifications; and at the north-east corner stood a large circular bastion, called the Mount.

The inner ward or ballium, was defended by thirteen towers, connected by an embattled stone wall about forty feet high and twelve feet thick, on the summit of which was a footway for the guard. Of these towers, three were situated at the west, namely, the Bell, the Beauchamp and the

Devlin Towers; four at the north, the Flint, the Bowyer, the Brick, and the Martin Towers; three at the east, the Constable, the Broad Arrow, and Salt Towers; and three on the south, the Well, the Lanthorn, and the Bloody Tower. The Flint Tower has almost disappeared; the Bowyer Tower only retains its basement story; and the Brick Tower has been so much modernized as to retain little of its pristine character. The Martin Tower is now denominated the Jewel Tower, from the circumstance of its being the depository of the regalia. The Lanthorn Tower has been swept away with the old palace.

Returning to the outer ward, the principal fortification on the south was a large square structure, flanked at each angle by an embattled tower. This building, denominated Saint Thomas's, or Traitor's Tower, was erected across the moat, and masked a secret entrance from the Thames, through which state prisoners were brought into the Tower. It still retains much of its original appearance, and recalls forcibly to the mind of the observer the dismal scenes that have occurred beneath its low-browed arches. Further on the east, in a line with Traitor's Tower, and terminating a wing of the old palace, stood the Cradle Tower. At the eastern angle of the outer ward was a small fortification overlooking the moat, known as the Tower leading to the Iron Gate. Beyond it a drawbridge crossed the moat, and led to the Iron Gate, a small portal protected by a tower, deriving its name from the purpose for which it was erected.

At this point, on the patch of ground intervening between the moat and the river, and forming the platform or wharf, stood a range of mean habitations, occupied by the different artisans and workmen employed in the fortress. At the south of the By-ward Tower, an arched and embattled gateway opened upon a drawbridge which crossed the moat at this point. Opposite this drawbridge were the main stairs leading to the edge of the river. The whole of the fortress, it is scarcely necessary to repeat, was (and still is) encompassed by a broad deep moat, of much greater width at the sides next to Tower Hill and East Smithfield, than at the south, and supplied with water from the Thames by the sluice beneath Traitor's Gate.

Having now made a general circuit of the fortress, we shall return to the inner ballium, which is approached on the south by a noble gateway, erected in the reign of Edward the Third. A fine specimen of the architecture of the fourteenth century, this portal is vaulted with groined arches adorned with exquisite tracery springing from grotesque heads. At the period of this chronicle, it was defended at each end by a massive gate clamped with iron, and a

strong portcullis. The gate and portcullis at the southern extremity still exist; but those at the north have been removed. The structure above it was anciently called the Garden Tower; but subsequently acquired the appellation of the Bloody Tower, from having been the supposed scene of the murder of the youthful princes, sons of Edward the Fourth, by the ruthless Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard the Third. Without pausing to debate the truth of this tragical occurrence, it may be sufficient to mention that tradition assigns it to this building.

Proceeding along the ascent leading towards the green, and mounting a flight of stone steps on the left, we arrive in front of the ancient lodgings allotted to the lieutenant of the Tower. Chiefly constructed of timber, and erected at the beginning of the sixteenth century, this fabric has been so much altered, that it retains little of its original character. In one of the rooms, called, from the circumstance, the Council-chamber, the conspirators concerned in the Gunpowder Plot were interrogated; and in memory of the event, a piece of sculpture, inscribed with their names, and with those of the commissioners by whom they were examined, has been placed against the walls.

Immediately behind the lieutenant's lodgings stands the Bell Tower,—a circular structure, surmounted by a small wooden turret, containing the alarm-bell of the fortress. Its walls are of great thickness, and light is admitted through narrow loopholes. On the basement floor is a small chamber, with deeply-recessed windows, and a vaulted roof of very curious construction. This tower served as a place of imprisonment to John Fisher, the martyred Bishop of Rochester, beheaded on Tower Hill for denying Henry the Eighth's supremacy; and to the Princess Elizabeth, who was confined within it by her sister, Queen Mary.

Traversing the green, some hundred and forty feet brings us to the Beauchamp, or Cobham Tower, connected with the Bell Tower by means of a footway on the top of the ballium wall. Erected in the reign of Henry the Third, as were most of the smaller towers of the fortress, this structure appears, from the numerous inscriptions, coats of arms, and devices that crowd its walls, to have been the principal state-prison. Every room, from roof to vault, is covered with melancholy memorials of its illustrious and unfortunate occupants.

Over the fireplace in the principal chamber (now used as a mess-room by the officers of the garrison) is the autograph of Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel, beheaded in 1572, for aspiring to the hand of Mary Queen of Scots. On the right of the fireplace, at the entrance of a recess, are these

words:—*DOLOR PATIENTIA VINCITUR. G. GYFFORD. AUGUST 8, 1586.*" Amongst others, for we can only give a few as a specimen of the rest, is the following enigmatical inscription. It is preceded by the date 1568, April 23, but is unaccompanied by any signature:—

*No hope is hard or hapne
That happ doth ous attayne.*

The next we shall select is dated 1581, and signed Thomas Myagh:—

*THOMAS MIAGH WHICH LIETH HERE ALONE
THAT PAYNE WOULD FROM HENCE BEGON
BY TORTURE STRAUNGE MI TROUTH WAS TRYED
YET OF MY LIBERTIE DENIED.*

* * * * *

(To be continued.)

METHOD OF PREPARING AND APPLYING A COMPOSITION FOR PAINTING IN IMITATION OF THE ANCIENT GRECIAN MANNER.

BY EMMA JANE HOOKER.

"PUT into a glazed earthen vessel, four ounces and a half of gum-arabic, and eight ounces, or half a pint (wine measure) of cold spring water; when the gum is dissolved, stir in seven ounces of gum-mastich, which has been washed, dried, picked, and beaten fine. Set the earthen vessel containing the gum water and gum-mastich over a slow fire, continually stirring and beating them out with a spoon, in order to dissolve the gum-mastich: when sufficiently boiled, it will no longer appear transparent, but will become opaque, and stiff, like a paste. As soon as this is the case, and that the gum water and mastich are quite boiling, without taking them off the fire, add five ounces of white wax, broken into small pieces, stirring and beating the different ingredients together, till the wax is perfectly melted and has boiled. Then take the composition off the fire, as boiling it longer than necessary would only harden the wax, and prevent its mixing so well afterwards with water. When the composition is taken off the fire and in the glazed earthen vessel, it should be beaten hard, and whilst hot (but not boiling) mix with it by degrees a pint (wine measure) or sixteen ounces more of cold spring water; then strain the composition, as some dirt will boil out of the gum-mastich, and put it into bottles: the composition, if properly made, should be like a cream, and the colours, when mixed with it, as smooth as with oil. The method of using it is to mix with the composition, upon an earthen pallet, such colours in powder as are used in painting with oil, and such a quantity of the composition to be mixed with the colour as to render them of the usual consistency of oil colours; then paint with fair water. The colours when

mixed with the composition may be laid on, either thick or thin, as may best suit your subject, on which account this composition is very advantageous, where any particular transparency of colouring is required; but in most cases, it answers best if the colours be laid on thick, and they require the same use of the brush, as if painting with body colours, and the same brushes as used in oil painting. The colours, if grown dry, when mixed with the composition, may be used by putting a little fair water over them; but it is less trouble to put some water when the colours are observed to be growing dry. In painting with this composition the colours blend without difficulty when wet, and even when dry the tints may easily be united, by means of a brush and a very small quantity of fair water. When the painting is finished, put some white wax into a glazed earthen vessel over a slow fire, and when melted, but not boiling, with a hard brush cover the painting with the wax, and when cold take a moderate hot iron, such as is used for ironing of linen, and so cold, as not to hiss if touched with anything wet, and draw it lightly over the wax. The painting will appear as if under a cloud till the wax is perfectly cold, as also, whatever the picture is painted upon is quite cold; but if, when so, the painting should not appear sufficiently clear, it may be held before the fire, so far from it as to melt the wax but slowly; or the wax may be melted by holding a hot poker at such a distance as to melt it gently, especially such parts of the picture as should not appear sufficiently transparent or brilliant; for the oftener heat is applied to the picture, the greater will be the transparency and brilliancy of colouring; but the contrary effects would be produced if too sudden or too great a degree of heat was applied, or for too long a time, as it would draw the wax too much to the surface, and might likewise crack the paint. Should the coat of wax put over the painting when finished appear in any part uneven, it may be remedied by drawing a moderately hot iron over it again as before mentioned, or even by scraping the wax with a knife; and should the wax, by too great or too long an application of heat, form into bubbles at particular places, by applying a poker heated, or even a tobacco-pipe made hot, the bubble will subside; or such defects may be removed by drawing anything hard over the wax, which will close any small cavities.

"When the picture is cold rub it with a fine linen cloth. Paintings may be executed in this manner upon wood, (having, first, pieces of wood let in behind, across the grain of the wood to prevent its warping), canvas, card, or plaster of Paris. The plaster of Paris would require no other preparation than mixing some fine plaster

of Paris in powder with cold water the thickness of a cream; then put it on a looking-glass, having first made a frame of bees-wax on the looking-glass, the form and thickness you would wish the plaster of Paris to be of, and when dry take it off, and there will be a very smooth surface to paint upon. Wood and canvas are best covered with some grey tint mixed with the same composition of gum-arabic, gum-mastich, and wax, and of the same sort of colours as before mentioned, before the design is begun, in order to cover the grain of the wood or the threads of the canvas. Paintings may also be done in the same manner with only gum water and gum-mastich, prepared the same way as the mastich and wax; but instead of putting seven ounces of mastich, and when boiling, adding five ounces of wax, mix twelve ounces of gum-mastich with the gum water, prepared as mentioned in the first part of this receipt; before it is put on the fire, and when sufficiently boiled and beaten, and is a little cold, stir in by degrees twelve ounces or three-quarters of a pint (wine measure) of cold spring water, and afterwards strain it. It would be equally practicable, painting with wax alone, dissolved in gum water in the following manner. Take twelve ounces or three-quarters of a pint (wine measure) of cold spring water and four ounces and a half of gum-arabic, put them into a glazed earthen vessel, and when the gum is dissolved, add eight ounces of white wax. Put the earthen vessel with the gum-water and wax upon a slow fire, and stir them till the wax is dissolved and has boiled a few minutes; then take them off the fire and throw them into a basin, as by remaining in the hot earthen vessel the wax would become rather hard; beat the gum-water and wax till quite cold. As there is but a small proportion of water in comparison to the quantity of gum and wax, it would be necessary, in mixing the composition with the colours, to put also some fair water. Should the composition be so made as to occasion the ingredients to separate in the bottle, it will become equally serviceable if shaken before used to mix with the colours.

I had lately an opportunity of discovering that the composition which had remained in a bottle since the year 1792, in which time it had grown dry and become as solid a substance as wax, returned to a cream-like consistence, and became again in as proper a state to mix with colours, as when it was first made, by putting a little cold water upon it, and suffering it to remain a short time. I also lately found some of the mixture composed of only gum-arabic water and gum-mastich, of which I sent a specimen to the Society of Arts in 1792; it was become dry, and had

much the appearance and consistency of horn. I found, on letting some cold water remain over it, that it became as fit for painting with as when the composition was first prepared.—*The Art-Union.*

IRISH CAR-DRIVERS.

PERSONS who have never travelled in Ireland can have but a very inadequate idea of the wit and humour of the Irish car-drivers. They are for the most part a thoughtless and reckless set of men, living upon chances, always "taking the world aisy"—that is to say, having no care for the morrow, and seldom being owners of a more extensive wardrobe than the nondescript mixture they carry about their persons. They are the opposites in all respects of the English postillions—the latter do their duty, but seldom familiarize their "fares" to the sound of their voices; in nine cases out of ten the traveller never exchanges a word with his post-boy; a touch of the hat acknowledges the gratuity when "the stage" is ended, and the driver having consigned his charge to his successor, departs usually in ignorance whether his chaise has contained man, woman, or child. He neither knows, nor cares for, aught of their concerns, except that he is to advance so many miles upon such a road, according to the instruction of his employer. The Irish driver, on the contrary, will ascertain, during your progress, where you come from, where you are going, and, very often, what you are going about. He has a hundred ways of wiling himself into your confidence, and is sure to put in a word or two upon every available opportunity; yet in such a manner as to render it impossible for you to subject him to the charge of impertinence. Indeed, it is a striking peculiarity of the lower classes of the Irish that they can be familiar without being presuming; tender advice without appearing intrusive; and even command your movements without seeming to interfere, in the least, with your own free-will. This quality the car-driver enjoys to perfection. We engaged one at Clogheen. "Ah then is it to Cahir ye're going, sir?—and it's from Lismore ye're coming, I'll go bail." "You've made a good guess." "Maybe it's to my lord's I'll be driving ye?" "Not so lucky this time." "To Mr. Grubb's did ye say, sir?" "No." "Well then it's to Mr. Fennell's yer honour 'll be telling me to drive ye?" "Yes." "Is it to Mr. Joe Fennell's, or Mr. Jonas Fennell's, or Mr. Fennell's of the cottage?" And then came a long history of all of the name who dwell in or near one of the prettiest and cleanest towns of Ireland;—"The quakers, yer honour, all owing to the quakers," quoth our driver, as he gave his

steed the whip to "go in style" up the long avenue.

A few characteristic anecdotes of the genus may amuse our readers. Some one tells a story of a fellow who on grumbling at the shilling gratuity at his journey's end, said in a sly under tone, "Faith it's not putting me off with this ye'd be, if ye knew but all." The traveller's curiosity was excited, "What do you mean?" "Oh faix! that 'ud be telling." Another shilling was tendered. "And now," asked the gentleman, "what do you mean by saying if you knew but all?" "That I *druv yer honour the last three miles widout a linch-pin!*" We had ourselves once a touching application for the string of our cloak "to tie up a small bit of the harness that was broke into smithereens from the weight of the hill." "Will I pay the pike or drive at it, plaze yer honour?" was the exclamation of a driver to his passenger, as he suddenly drew up a few yards from the turnpike-gate. One of the richest characters of the class, we encountered on the road from Ross to Wexford; he told us how he got his first situation.—"The master had two beautiful English horses, and he wanted a careful man to drive them; he was a mighty pleasant gentleman, and loved a joke. Well, there was as many as fifteen after the place, and the first that wint up to him, 'Now, my man,' says he, 'tell me,' says he, 'how near the edge of a precipice would you undertake to drive my carriage?' So the boy considered, and he says, says he, 'Within a foot, plaze yer honour, and no harm.'—'Very well,' says he, 'go down, and I'll give ye yer answer by-and-by.' So the next came up, and said he'd be bound to carry 'em within half a foot; and the next said five inches; and another—a dandified chap intirely—was so mighty nice, that he would drive it within 'three inches and a half, he'd go bail.' Well, at last my turn came, and when his honour axed me how nigh I would drive his carriage to a precipice, I said, says I, 'Plaze yer honour, *I'd keep as far off it as I could.*'—'Very well, Misther Byrne,' says he, 'you're my coachman,' says he. Och, the roar there was in the kitchen whin I wint down and tould the joke!" When Mr. V——, the assistant Poor Law Commissioner, first visited Cork, the coach by which he arrived set him down next door to the Imperial Hotel—his place of destination. Not being aware of this fact, he ordered a car, and gave his direction to the driver. The fellow conducted him round the town, and through various streets and lanes, and after an hour's driving placed him at the hotel entrance, demanding and receiving a sum of five shillings, which his victim considered a reasonable charge. A few minutes afterwards he discovered the trick that had been played upon him,

The car-drivers who ply in the streets look as if they duly regarded their own ease, and that business was, with them, a secondary consideration. You sometimes find them standing on the pavement, their handkerchiefs floating negligently round their necks and their long loose coats flapping about their legs—or lounging on the bar or box of their car or jangle, touching their hats with a leering civility—or elevating what serves for a whip if they think a fare is approaching; to see them thus you would imagine them heedless of their interests; but ask a question of one touching time or distance, and the whole body start immediately into life and activity. "Ah thin sure it isn't he that can tell yer honour the distance; but I'll tell ye what he can do—double it." "I'm first on the stand, and see what a beautiful *baste* I have." "Thin!" "Oh bedad she's not thin—faix it was myself was obligated to put her on a regimint to get her into racing order; she was so over and above fat." "Ah sure it isn't going to trust yerself on an outside car ye are, and the rain gothering itself in oceans above yer head; just come a *piece* of the way in this, yer honour. Sure it's aisy enough to get out if ye don't like it." "Don't be *beguiling* the strange lady and gentleman wid yer goster, Micky; sure ye know that garron won't lave the stand, barrin ye give him yer oath, before a witness, it's home to the stable he's going." "Bedad! I'd scorn to ax the likes of ye into my beautiful jingle—barrin' it was the best in Cork, which it is. Sure it's *only* my fare I'll ax—laving any other little thrifle to yer honour—on account of the wife and children." This "leaving to your honour" is, by the way, always a most expensive mode of payment.

The car-drivers in Cork and Dublin seem also to have an especial eye on the goings and comings of the inhabitants. We stopped one morning to knock at a gentleman's door; a lazy-looking "jingle boy" was lounging against the area rails. "Oh bedad!" he said, shifting his position, "if it's Mr. so-and-so ye'r wantin', he's off these two hours to Cove, and a fine shaking he'll get on Lary Clooney's car, if he gets no worse, sorra a spring on it these twelve months—barring a tow-rope."

In England and in France the postilions bully you out of your money—in Ireland they coax or laugh it out of your pockets. "Well, I'm not going to deny, but it's all I have a right to, but I'd like another little shilling, to shew the people that yer honour was satisfied, and had a regard for the country."—"I've waited yer honour's leisure this ever so long," said one fellow, "till ye'd have time to make me the little present *ye war thinking of*." We took a short excursion one morning, somewhat early, and the horse on descending a hill

commenced kicking in such an extraordinary manner, that instead of becoming alarmed we laughed heartily at the oddity and obstinacy of the animal, which, aided by the apologies and explanations of the driver, were inconceivably ludicrous:—"Look now, ma'am, it's the quietest baste in Ireland," [kick, kick,] "but it's a small taste frolicsome, out of play," [kick, kick,] [Aside to the horse,] "I'll give it ye, ye baste, whin I get ye home, to be exposing me this way." [Aloud,] "It's the blood ye see, sir, the rale quality blood that's in it—sure his mother won the plate at the Curragh o' Kildare, and it's only too quiet his craythure is," [kick,] [Aside,] "Ah, ye venomous sarpint, ye'r at it agin." "Except when it goes out too early of a mornin'—it understands the fashions, and I never get much good of him before tin or half-past tin, any way." The poor animal, who "understood the fashions," looked as if he had not tasted oats for a month, and yet he was the most determined kicker on a hill's side we ever encountered. In the end, to get home the descendant of noble blood, the driver was actually obliged to turn the car round, and back it for nearly half a mile, to the bottom of the hill. On our return the man was amply paid; he turned over and over the money in his hand, glancing his eye up and around with an expression of cunning we cannot easily forget. "Are you not satisfied?" was our natural inquiry. "Oh, yes, quite satisfied, and I'm sure yer honours war satisfied too—only the lady laughed so hard at the baste's tricks, that I thought yer honour would give me another little sixpence."—*Half's Ireland.*

DEATH OF CLARINDA.

It is not without emotions, of a painful and melancholy kind that we have this day to record the death of Mrs. Maclehorse, who was well known to a large circle as the Clarinda of Robert Burns. In early life she was remarkable for her personal beauty, and, being highly accomplished, it need excite no surprise that Burns, having tasted the pleasures of her society, became deeply enamoured of her. In fact, she was for a season the goddess of his idolatry, and, as she discovered somewhat of a kindred taste for poetry, it naturally followed that the bard should address some of his effusions to her. The lady was not insensible to the devotion of such a man as Burns; indeed, she was so far carried away by this feeling, as to enter into an epistolary correspondence with the poet, who, in the series of letters addressed to her under the name of Clarinda, poured out some of his most brilliant ideas and sentiments, dashed off in the heat of composition, without much regard to the

strict proprieties of style. These letters were not intended to meet the public eye, but having been incautiously lent to some roguish publisher, an imperfect copy was given to the world, calculated to prejudice in some respects the fair fame of Mrs. Maclehose. Those who knew her best, however, some of whom had perused the whole correspondence—the lady's letters as well as the poet's—were fully convinced of the gross injustice of such imputations. But although often urged to publish the letters alluded to, Mrs. Maclehose, from regard to the feelings of a near relation who died some years ago, would not consent to give them to the world. All obstacle to that course being now removed, it is highly probable that the interesting correspondence will speedily appear in a complete and authentic form. Clarinda, for by that name she will be best known, died full of years; we believe she was considerably above 80. To the very last she retained traces of the personal beauty for which she was remarkable in early life, and which we have often heard alluded to in enthusiastic terms by a contemporary, himself not an undistinguished friend of Burns, who knew her when both were in the heyday of existence. She preserved her faculties in surprising perfection; and we have often enjoyed the exquisite pleasure of hearing her sing with great accuracy the songs of Burns, to which the bard himself had often listened, with what feelings may be now only imagined.—*Edinburgh Evening Post.*

The Gatherer.

Walking on the Water.—Our readers are doubtless aware that this pedestrian feat has been lately performed in several places on the Continent, (for the first time, we believe, on the Neva, in Russia,) by the aid of a newly-discovered apparatus called the "water-shoe." From the German papers we learn that a similar attempt has been lately made, with complete success, both at Dresden and Magdeburg, where "some expert swimming-masters undertook the experiment for a wager, with the newly-invented *schwimmshue*. The Magdeburger loaded and fired off his fowling-piece several times in succession, and the Dresdener quietly smoked his cigar." Well may we exclaim with the good old monkish preachers of yore, "*Semper aliquid nova dies!*" Anglice, "Every day turns up something new!"

A Character.—The sojourn of my aunt brought us acquainted with a pretty little female, who was married to M. C. G. She was a graceful white and red wax doll, opening and closing her eyes, saying papa and mamma; and even venturing, when the great resource of her intellect was pressed

by her husband, to hazard a few very gentle and amiable phrases which had no pretension to meaning, but which exhibited the docility of the mechanical spouse. Never have I seen the fanatic lover of order reign so despotically as in that young wife. She wasted more time in arranging than in living. Madame G. had a delightful apartment; but no one must presume to step upon the carpet, to repose on the ottomans, or to turn over the leaves of one of her handsome gold and silk covered books. She covered all those luxuries with gauze and paper, passed her days in a dressing-room, seated in a straw-stuffed chair, and reading a few old school-books. Dancing rampled her light dresses; so she renounced dancing. Emotion was calculated to wrinkle her forehead, and banish the freshness from her cheek; so she drove from her all feeling and thought. In short, surrounded with all the enjoyments of life, she set her pride and felicity on preserving them from the pressure and ravages of time; and would have been perfectly happy if it had been possible for her to enclose in glass cases her husband and children.—*Memoirs of Madame Lafarge.*

The Fine Arts.—In all probability there will be formed a commission of peers, commoners, and gentlemen not in parliament, conversant with the fine arts, appointed by the Crown, with Prince Albert at its head, to the view of the general encouragement of the arts, and particularly to their application in embellishing the new houses of parliament.

"Statue of Marshal Soult."—M. Pradier, member of the Royal Institute, is charged with the execution of a colossal statue in Carrara marble, representing the Duke of Dalmatia in the full costume of a Marshal of France. This statue of Soult is destined to be placed in the grand court of the Royal Castle at Versailles, where are collected the statues that were formerly on the Pont de la Concorde.

MAXIMS.

Love your fellow-creature, though vicious.
Hate vice in the friend you love most.

If you give a jest, take one.

Never fish for praise; it is not worth the bait.

Do well: but don't boast of it; for that will lessen the commendation you might otherwise have deserved.

A good way to avoid impertinent and pumping inquiries is by answering with another question. An evasion may also serve the purpose; but a lie is inexcusable on any occasion, especially when used to conceal the truth from one who has no authority to demand it.

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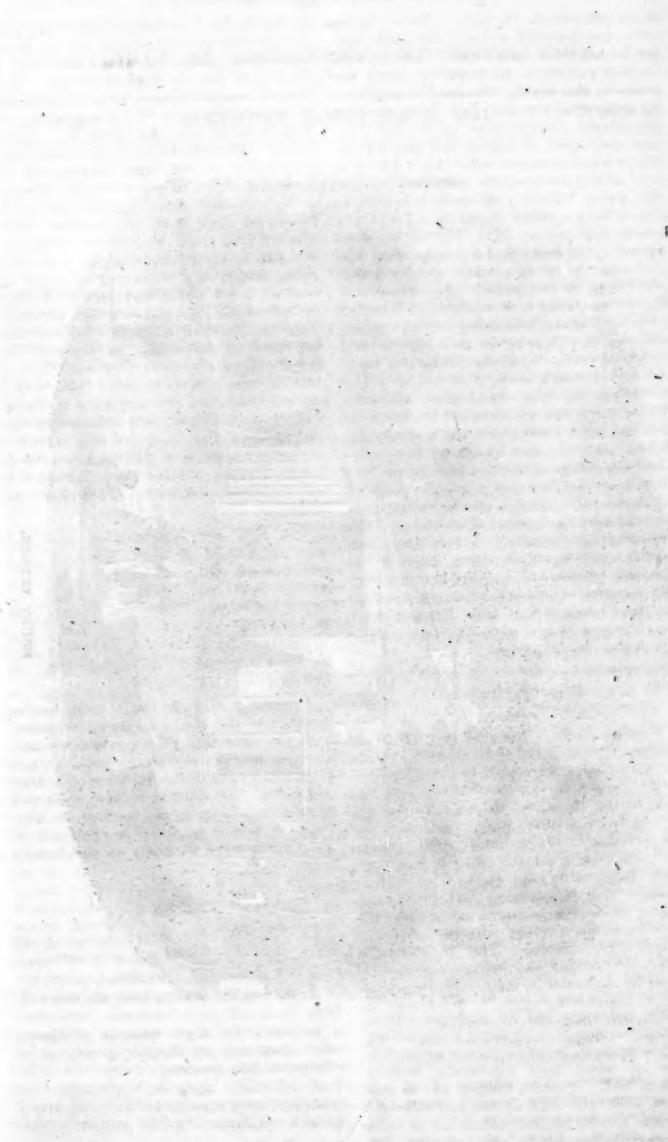
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